

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 51.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1868.

N. Y. 1868.

THE TWO BROTHERS:

OR,

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

Continued.

THIS demand he was unable to comply with, as he had spent the last livre at the gaming table. When inspired him with something like courage, of which his natural disposition was entirely destitute, and snatching up a pistol that lay by his side, he discharged it at the person next him. This was the signal of his fate, the murderers instantly dragged him from his carriage, and buried their piousness in his bosom.

Thus was the miserable death of this wretched being, whose heart was never inspired with one sentiment that would reflect honor to himself, accomplished by the means of his colleague in the atrocious attempt, to deprive his father of life. Such was the end of a life which that one crime indelibly stained, and which had he possessed the talents of the Count de Vauban, would have been productive of much mischief to society.

Soon as the murderers had satisfied their revenge for the wound he had given their comrade, they returned to the castle to dispose of the trifling booty they had obtained, and convey the wounded ruffian.

The Count possessed sufficient sagacity to know, that his petty despotism would be of short duration, as the outrages the banditti under his command, had committed in the province, must shortly reach the royal ear, and the consequence would be fatal to him; but it was too late to think of obtaining pardon, and he flattered himself that he could make his escape at any time, when impious necessity should command such a proceeding. Had the Count de Vauban been educated in the principles of virtue, he would probably have become an ornament to society, but unlimited indulgence had suffered his good qualities to be obscured, and by the continued practice of engaging in bacchanalian feasts and carousals, his heart became as law as depraved as we behold it.

When M. Dupont arrived at Paris, he made a report to the king of the numerous murders and robberies that had been committed in the province of Burgundy. The Duke of Avenon also, who mourned his son cut off in the prime of life by the hands of lawless ruffians, was determined to destroy the combination of the villains who infected this fertile part of the kingdom, and revenge the death of his son. His influence at court was considerable, and he was permitted by the king to lead a body of the regular troops against the Count, to conduct him to the capital, if he made a voluntary surrender of his person, or in case of resistance, to destroy the haunt of the banditti, and bring him to condign punishment. In order to prevent the escape of the Count, the Duke of Avenon, accompanied by Louis Boileau and M. Dupont, with the troops under their authority, marched towards the castle with rapidity, lest the intel-

ligence of their approach should give the alarm, and de Vauban escape the fate due to his atrocious guilt. But all their caution did not prevent his receiving notice of their arrival, and acting according to the dictates of prudence. With every necessary precaution to prevent a surprise from the banditti, the troops invested the castle, and a messenger was dispatched to demand the surrender of it to his Majesty's commission; a refusal was the answer, unless the commandant of the party would pledge his honor to procure them a free pardon. This offer was not accepted, and they were ordered to surrender unconditionally, depending on the clemency of the king, or death was denounced as their portion, the instant they were taken. Inflated with visionary ideas of the strength of the fortress, and confident of the plenty which abounded from the stores of provision, which the provident Count had taken care to lay up, they had defiance to regal authority, & dared them to the assault. Several petty counts were mistaken with the banditti, who, though inferior in point of numbers, counterbalanced it by their ferocity, and several were slain on both sides. To conquer or die, was the maxim which the ruffian defenders of the castle constantly adhered to, and the soldiers of the royal party were unable to obtain any advantage. Finding they made but very little progress towards the object of their excursion, the leaders of the detachment determined upon a vigorous attempt to overcome all resistance. For this purpose they prepared torches and fire-brands, resolving to set fire to the castle, and bury its misdoers in its ruins. This policy however induced them to make a final offer of conditional pardon, if they would give up the Count de Vauban. The proposal was rejected by the banditti with disdain, for although dead to every sentiment of rectitude and humanity, the imaginary tie of honour bound them to the Count, and they resolved to procure his pardon, or perish with him.

Finding all attempts to induce the banditti to accept the extended pardon were futile, they prepared to carry the plan of burning the castle into execution. Having made every necessary preparation, the leaders of the troops assigned to each the part they were to act, and in hour after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, the signal for the attack was given, by throwing a rocket from the General's tent. The soldiers rushed forward to the onset, brandishing their torches, and after a severe conflict, gained the outworks of the castle. In a short time the conflagration was general, and the gleams of light proceeding from it, added to the darkness which prevailed, rendered it a scene of horror. Having accomplished the design of setting the castle on fire, the troops retreated to guard all the outlets, that those who escaped the fury of the raging element, should fall by the avenging sword. A body of the banditti with the Count at their head, sallied from the castle to cut their way through the hostile party. But the principal part of them fell in the attempt, and among them the infamous de Vauban.

Louis as soon as he perceived the flames burst-

ing from all parts of the castle, and the towering ramparts enveloped in smoke, approached the walls; the sally of the banditti had been made on a different side, and had not attracted his attention from the scene of ruin before him. While he was contemplating the destruction which was taking place, his attention was arrested by the sight of a person leaping from one rampart to another, to escape the threatening flames which pursued him, and in which he appeared to be almost involved. At length, by means of his surprising activity, he approached towards the place where Louis stood, but still at such a height, that his escape seemed almost impossible. He had considerably descended since Louis first noticed him, and now paused, apparently contemplating his height from the ground, and dubious of his ability to reach it in safety. But the flames approaching, he sprang from the walls, and fell almost at the feet of Louis, who raised his arm to terminate his life, but an impulse of humanity induced him to spare it, if indeed he had not been killed by the fall. Louis laid his hand on his heart, and felt it beat. The horizon was illuminated by this conflagration, and as he inclined himself to see if the spark of life was extinguished, he observed the stranger was dressed differently from the common banditti. Strange emotions agitated his bosom, and "hope, the fond deceiver," fluttered round his heart. He approached to inspect the figure which lay prostrate before him, covered with dust, and stunned with the fall. He gently raised him from the ground, and as the light gleamed on his ashly countenance, discovered him to be—his long lost brother Henry. Reader, conceive his sensations, for words cannot express them; no language could convey them to thee, though all the eloquence of Tully was exhausted to effect it. His astonishment almost surpassed conception. And he had not beheld him prostrate on the floor of his cell, his life's blood streaming from his bosom? had he not seen him a pallid corpse, the victim of fell revenge? And now, did he not see him before him? did not his arms support him? All that had passed seemed as a fearful dream, the offspring of a disordered fancy. He called loudly for assistance, and had him conveyed to his tent, where they successfully endeavored to restore him to existence, but he had received some very severe contusions from the fall, and his arm appeared considerably mangled. The next day, as soon as the dawn opposed its pleasing light to the more awful appearance of the castle, which exhibited one vast sheet of flame, our new found invalid was conveyed to the hospitable mansion of Monsieur Burton, where M. Dupont and Louis were kindly urged to take up their residence. A few weeks crowned the assiduities of the amiable surgeon and his friends with success, and they had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing their beloved Henry, whom they very naturally had long concluded, was traversing the regions of eternity, restored to all his former health and vigour. Happiness they yet hoped was in store for them, since De Vauban, the grand and only enemy to their happiness, had

the victim to the justice of his offended country. There was no room for no better than to see the execution of justice on the vile slayer of the public tranquility, the Duke of Anjou, with his usual humanity, ordered that the bodies of the homicide should receive a funeral and every rite be performed. According to the forms of the Rite of Death, it was necessary to remove all obstacles from their road to heaven. Soon after the bodies of these infatuated wretches were committed to the embraces of their mother earth, the funeral commenced their march to return to the spirit, and the Duke retired to his castle to grieve from the filial assassinations of his daughter, consolation for the untimely death of his son, ignorance frequently conduces more to our happiness than knowledge, and had the Duke known of the infamous design of his son, he would not have stood in need of any consolation. Hence, upon his restoration to his throne, he was not with the desire of his friends, and thus commenced the relation of his misadventure.

Yes, my kind friends, must certainly have been greatly astonished when you found my chamber vacant, and could perceive no traces of my having left the room; but your surprise could not have quelled mine, when about midnight, without any previous notice which would have announced the entrance of any person, especially as the door was fastened with a key by the light the lamp burning in the chimney afforded, a man standing by my bedside, I contemplated his business in my chamber, at such an unreasonable hour, but he instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and ordered me to dress immediately, and without delay, as the least attempt to alarm the family should be attended with death. He returned was in vain, and accordingly complied with his demand to silence; as soon as dressing was finished, he bade me attend him, and returned to the partition. I discovered a secret door, which he opened, and we passed through. We now entered several apartments, which the noxious atmosphere, and decayed furniture, declared had been long deserted, and resigned to the all-devouring hand of time. Here he holding the pistol in his hand, he ordered me to walk before him. Before we left the building he was joined by several other persons, whose countenances plainly denoted the villainous characters, and that they were determined to accomplish the design which I have now conceived. When we made our exit from the mansion, we found a carriage waiting, into which three of the ruffians entered with myself. We proceeded with amazing rapidity I knew not whither, but my heart sunk within me at the strange proceedings, and the serious silence of my companions; and the dawn broke upon us, as we all ascended a steep hill. At any other time, I should have been in any other situation, I should have found the surrounding scenery with delight, but my mind was a prey to despondence, and the most gloomy prospect appeared to me. In vain did I request of my companions to inform me whither I was to be led, they preserved a uniform and uninterrupted silence, until when the leader of the party appeared to be cautioned me to make no noise, and it should be instantaneous retreat. I could not further taking a retrospective view of the happy past, and comparing it with my present situation.

Conclusion in our next.

THE WOODMAN.

You ask who lives in yonder cot,
In a cave where strangers seldom tread?
A woeful man there enjoys his lot,
Who labours for his daily bread.
In this lone forest wild and rude,
He earns his meal by cutting wood.

No wife has he to whom he's confidant,
No child to bring perpetual care,
No servant to perplex his mind,
No friend his frugal wealth to share;
Alone, and in a cheerful mood,
He earns his bread by cutting wood.

From wealth and power he lives secure,
Unknown beneath his humble rod
Untaught yet blest—content, though poor
To life every care he keeps aloof;
Thus he enjoys what others wish to brood,
He spends his day in cutting wood.

Soon as he views the rising sun,
He casts his cross of coarse brown bread,
Shepherd his hateful mail his gun,
And thus by constant habit led,
In that recess where oft he's hid,
He still continues cutting wood.

To him indifferent seasons roll,
He values not the lapse of time,
He only seeks to mould his soul,
And fit it for a happier clime.
Where pain and sorrow never intrude,
Where soon he'll cease from cutting wood.

Does not this peasant happier live,
Than those who follow wealth and fame?
Can these breathe what peace can give,
Or raise to health the sickly frame?
Not best, indeed, who poor and good,
Earns his brown loaf by cutting wood.

AIR.

BY A GAMBRIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oh shall glowing hope expire,
Oh shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again!

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Pachod beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fantasy's realm
Oh shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful time
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnished locks are grey,
Tried by many a sad event day,
May this long laid flower remain,
Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When its cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, Power and Fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
Then may we three meet again!

EPICGRAM.

Quoth Bet, Since I have thought at all,
I've formed this steadfast rule,
Let whatever other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool.

Says Jack, Then nothing can I fear,
From celibacy save you t
For, take my word for it my dear,
None but a fool would have you.

A FRAGMENT.

While one part of mankind are busy in various
pursuits—while another hurries down the stream
of pleasure—while the husbandman tills—while the
fisher is busy seeking for those pleasures which
his heart is fond of, not knowing why, sit here
in mourning meditation, indulging pensive feelings—
I have no substantial evil—I am not a wretch of po-
verty, of shame, or disgrace—yet I feel heart
sore. My soul ranges through various scenes—I see
the tenderest bonds of nature broken—I see
bright prospects terminate in pain—I see an increase
of cares and infirmities—I see youth sink into so-
litude, while love betrays her heaving sighs.
All this makes my feelings alive, and causes me
sympathize in the sorrows of others. This is no vi-
tiousness—not but indulge it—it is of real use to my-
self. It teaches me to know the imperfection of my
own nature—it raises my heart to the Author of na-
ture, from whom cometh every thing good. Some
commend this warmth of feeling, others praise it.
Some seem never to have a moment's gloom, while
the countenance of others is sad and sorrowful. Pen-
siveness seems to afford the most agreeable sen-
sations. The soul feels no chilling fears, nor yet does
the bosom ache. The most agreeable an agreeable
rest, and is filled with sadly pleasing thoughts—it
loves the dark shade and faint light of the solemn
scene. The heart's sands for all mankind—and Virtue,
even in ruins, pleases most—she receives the
dignity of woe. The mind is emancipated of solitude,
and assumes a melancholy mood.

The tongue of folly condemns this dejection of
spirits, while indifference is silent, and the mark of
a tear is never seen on her cheek. Such a state of
mind has been called affliction; it has been de-
rived by many yet, derided and acute as thou often
art, O Sensibility! may I ever be thy child! May
my ear never be deaf to thy voice! May my tongue
never utter thy language! There I invoke, sweet friend-
ly Sensibility! Thou keepst the soul alive to the
most heavenly exertions—Thou fillest the bosom
with those dearest sensations, which none but virtu-
ous minds can ever feel. Hearts under thy impres-
sion vibrate in union. Let me ever seek thee, and
never seek thee in vain.

I have often thought that though dress may justly
be called a trivial thing in itself, yet, that it deserves
as the consideration of a philosopher than is
generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or un-
fruitful index of the mind. Those who see accu-
rately, will certainly discover a connexion between
many particulars in a man's dress and his peculiar
disposition, temper and turn of thought, supposing
his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that
he has not implicitly conformed to the manners of o-
thers, which must be first well considered; and, af-
ter all a great variety of particulars must be ex-
amined before a certain judgment can be made; for
there is such a thing as being above dress (in gen-
eral or particularly) and being equal to it, and being
below it. However, a discerning eye will very often
discover strong indications of character in dress—
and it seems as if the same principle that directs a
man in the clothing of his body, directs him also in
the furnishing not only his house, but his mind.

A Gentleman having engaged to fight a main of
cock, directed his feeder in the country to pick out
two of the best, and bring them to town. Having
made his election, he put the two cocks into a bag,
and brought them with him in the mail coach. When
they arrived, it was found that upon their journey
they had almost torn each other to pieces, on which
the feeder was severely reprimanded for his stupidity.
Indeed, and the longest follow, I thought there
was a trick of their falling out, as they were both go-
ing to fight on one side.

MAXIM.

May a one, for the sake of flattery on the back, has
gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their fam-
ilies—A man's self, and his wife, and his children, put
out the kitchen fire, as poor Richard says.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 30, 1808.

The civil instructor reports the death of 43 persons (of whom 18 were men, 7 women, 11 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, casualty 1, consumption 9, convulsions 5, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 2, fluor albus 1, fever 4, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the brain 1, measles 2, mortification 1, pleurisy 4, quincy 1, small pox 1, still born 2, sudden death 2, suicide by cutting the throat 1, teething 1, whooping cough 2, and 1 of worms.

The schooner Mary and Eliza, came on shore on Friday the 15th inst. 1 mile South of the light-house. The crew consisted of Capt. James Shawe, his two sons, and three others; all of whom must have perished, as strict search has been made for them, but in vain.

We understand that eighteen of the unfortunate young men, belonging to Miranda's enterprise, and who were captured by the Spaniards, lately made their escape from the prison at Carthagena. Of this number 15 were unharmedly taken. The remaining 3, we are informed, have fortunately reached the U. S. in good health. Phil. Gaz.

ALBANY, January 21.

Distillers' town.

On the night of the 20th ult. the distillery of David Boston, a Grover, was burnt, with all its apparatus. Two hours after, the distillery of Mr. Reed, in the same neighborhood was burnt, with books, grain, &c. Another distillery in the county was burnt the same night; and one in Seneca county, belonging to Capt. Kinney the night after. The hand of design appears evident in this mischief.

From the Political Register.

We have been politely favored with the following information by a gentleman lately arrived in this city from Mass.

A short time before I arrived at Madras (June 5) a very unhappy affair took place at a garrison some distance from Madras, in consequence of an order issued by Gen. Crafock, commander in chief there, to have the mustas of all the native troops shaved off, and to commence with the oldest regiment on a certain day.

There are no people on the earth more scrupulously nice in affairs of religion, than the natives of India, and rather than lose this mark of distinction, the soldiers to a man rose the evening preceding the intended operation, and in place of losing those few precious hairs, every officer lost head and hair; not an officer of the regiment escaped except two or three that happened to be out on liberty. The troops then flew to their posts determined to defend themselves.

The European troops in the neighborhood were ordered to reduce the garrison, and in the attempt (although they succeeded eventually) a dreadful carnage ensued, the native (except a few) suffered cutting to pieces rather than an ignominious death, or the loss of that precious mark of their religion; the unfortunate fellows who fell into Christian hands were blown off at the cannon mouth, except a very few reserved for trial and a more degrading execution.

"Gen. Crafock was ordered home I understood on account of this affair; and the native troops suffered to enjoy the privilege of wearing their mustas."

There is now at a coach maker's, in Long-acre, two beautiful carriages of fanciful forms, with harnesses, for Christophe, the stable chief of Hayti. The arms are a sun rising from the sea, surrounded by bees, emblematical of a new nation rising by industry. The crest is a black holding the cap of liberty. Lon. pap.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGVACE C. FRAISIER

CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by
C. ALFORD
No 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house

COMMISSION OFFICE,

101 Nassau street.

WILLETT WARNE, Broker and Commission agent, buys and sells houses, lands, vessels, cargoes, stocks, country produce, merchandise and every other species of property on Commission. Persons wishing to sell, will please furnish maps, inventories, stamps, &c.—and those who wish to purchase are invited to call.

For Sale,

A quantity of excellent wine glasses and tumblers with which house-keepers may supply themselves at a very cheap rate by applying soon.
dec 26 984 if

25,000, 10,000, and 5,000 DOLLARS

HIGHEST PRIZES.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Tickets in the SIXTH CLASS LOTTERY, for the Promotion of Literature at \$6.50, but will positively rise to seven next week.

MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty Street, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now opening an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, viz.

Fancy gown Patterns
Five plain, faced and nanook muslins
Worsted and dotted mull muslins
Gold and silver worked turban kid shoes
Scotch elegant sewed and tambooured mull and leno robes
Fancy short dresses, Fracks.
Also, gauze, and imperial, hyson and sushong teas, of the very best quality.
December 19 983 if

ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808.

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinsons Almanacs

for 1808

by the grace dozen or single one.

RAGS.

Cash given for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags, at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN,

Blest be the pair whom sympathies unite,
In the sweet bonds of conjugal delight.
For them the fairest flowers of nature blow,
For them the richest fruits of Ceres grow.
Love, harmony and joy their paths attend.
Their state is Paradise, and God their friend.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Llew, Mr. Alexander Reed, Printer, to Miss Jane McConochi

On Saturday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Middletown, Mr. Jacob S. Stout to Miss Catherine Scherck, of Sandy Hook.

On Thursday evening Jan. 21. by the Rev. Mr. John Abel, Mr. Thomas Alderson to Miss E. B. Bradford, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. John Stanford, Mr. Thomas Smith to Miss Sarah B. White, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ward, Mr. Wm. Clark to Miss Ruth Ann Ball, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

DEATH'S awful summoners each day appear,
Each day their solemn warnings strike our ears:
The new born infant and the aged sire,
The blest and the unblessed, alike expire.

DIED,

On the 21st inst. Mr. Richard Dick, a native of Scotland.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Jane Chalmers, wife of Mr. James Chalmers, dyer, both of this city.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Jane Riker, relict of the late Peter Riker, in the 77th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Ann Beach, wife of the Rev. Dr. A. Beach.

On Tuesday night, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Abigail Bradford.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. John W. Brown, Editor of a paper printed in that place. His death is said to have taken place in consequence of a wound which he received from one Burnet, by a cudgel, for refusing to give up the name of the author of a piece, which appeared in Mr. Brown's paper.

This day is published, and for sale by

M. HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-slips

A BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF
THE WILD IRISH GIRL;
A National Tale,
BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this Office.

THE DISCARDED SON

OR THE

HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,

By Maria Regina Roscoe.

COURT OF APOLLO.

CANTING

Twadd most men are different, yet search man-
kind through;
And all have a Goss in whatever they do—
Marv, ex-amine that muslin, the Shopkeeper says,
Who has retailed in Cornhill such things all his days,
'Tis as fine as a hair, and as thick as a board,
And more money in London cost, Ma'am,—on my
word
Thus praising thy goods, they all lie and rant,
But never believe them, for 'tis but their cant.

Call the Doctor, and lo! he puts on a grave face,
Hem, Sir, I assure you a very bad case;
I should have been sent for before; but no doubt
My skill and my pills the disease can drive out.
Off his wonderful cures too, much he will vaunt,
Perhaps true, perhaps not, 'tis only his cant.

Apply to the Lawyer, behold he will quote
What my Lord Coke has stated, or Littleton wrote;
He will prate of reprieve, demurrers and cast,
And action so managed can never be lost.
The continuations and proof he will want,
And will pocket his fee—for 'tis his cant.

The Soldier will tell you the perils he's seen,
The sieges and battles in which he has been;
Of the wounds he received, and the feasts he has done,
And no music to him's like the roar of a gun.
A cant of his story, must fully we grant,
For the rest—a soldier sometimes has his cant.

The Critic will snarl, That line is too long,
And the subject of it too grave for a song.
Then the style—Oh 'tis flat—the metre, 'tis worse;
But we may put any thing now into verse.
To seek out a blunder or fault he will pant,
And cavil for words—for 'tis his cant.

The Author exclaims, 'Tis losing one's time,
To employ it in prose, or in false-flashing rhyme;
If good or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,
For the author no money nor praise can obtain;
No judges of merit or taste are extant,
Are not all poets poor—and that is his cant.

The Coquet too will say,—I pray you be gone,
I never was before with a man all alone;
O! what will the world say! I hate you so go;
Nay, don't be affronted, I did not mean so.
About *et cetera* and *honor* too, much she will rant,
You all must allow a coquet has her cant.

The Buck he will yawn and cry what a bore,
I never saw the town half so stupid before;
I've not had a rouse for at least *no* four days,
And then so *forlorn* are all our dull plays,
Then the girls—my dear Jack, not a smile will now
grant,
'Tis so curdled provoking—and that's a Buck's cant.

If you speak but of London, or any thing oft,
The fresh returned Traveller quips at a style.
Excuse me—'tis not so—I *specio* it all now
My right—for I've been there, and therefore must
know
Of the wonders he has seen too, much will he vaunt,
And most tiresome of all is the Traveller's cant.

The Editor says, 'Lines to P' are on file,
'On Sirey,' is in rather too abrupt a style.
With personalities we never concern us,
And must therefore refuse the essay of 'Alvermus';
Of dullness like 'R. P.' we're never in want,
And much more he says—for 'tis but his cant.

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved
plates in the very best manner, at moderate prices by
J. Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 14 Ves-
ey, street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

MORALIST.

MORAL LECTURE.

* This mortal must put on immortality.*
I Cor. xx. 53.

This to be sure is a very extraordinary proposi-
tion, and one which severely exercises the mind of
every rational believer. To be told, that the body
of man which is sustained by food, grows to perfec-
tion, decays, dies and corrupts like that of other
animals, will hereafter be resuscitated and made a
glorious and incorruptible body is a doctrine so
contrary to present observation, that the desert imme-
diately rejects it. But the marks of authenticity and
truth which it bears convict him of extreme temerity.
At least it merits a rigorous examination. If all
the proofs, and there are several, which are brought
to its support, and the weightiest and brightest is
the resurrection of Christ. This argument, which is
managed with great force in the context, lies in a
small compass, and is easily apprehended. It is
principally contained between the twelfth and twen-
tieth verses, and the sum of it is this. If there shall
be no resurrection of the virtuous, whence the resur-
rection of Jesus Christ? If Jesus Christ did not
rise from the dead, your faith in the gospel is vain.
If your faith in the gospel is vain, we apostles are
of all men the greatest liars, and of all liars the
greatest liars. For what do we gain by our false
testimony and absurd doctrine? Mockings, scour-
gings, bonds, and imprisonment: In defence of this
system of folly and fanaticism, our lives are every
moment in jeopardy; and we have too many reasons
to believe, that a firm adherence to our cause, and
on this we are determined, will finally subject us to
the shame, agonies, and death of our master. No,
Christians, Our cruel sufferings and still more
horrid expectations prove the truth of our testimony
which prove the truth of the gospel, which involves
the reality of Christ's resurrection, which proves the
possibility and certainty of yours, and is the deep
and immutable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

Weak is the excuse that is on custom built—
The use of sinning lessons not the guilt.

ROBERT BOYLE.

* Stop for a moment!—carefully consider, those
that hunt thus long continued the career of corruption
and sacrificed thy soul at the shrine of sin and folly.
Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God
in vain. Dost thou dare to tempt omnipotence, or
violate his holy law written also in thy heart? As-
tend to the still, small voice of conscience, poor
cowardly creature! whose existence depends on his
will, and life is but a span: thou knowest not the
morrow will be thine. What hast thou to plead? I
sue without a gratification! This nation craves
greatly beneath the sin of *idleness*, *idleness* for thy
past folly, and crave help for thy future amendment,
of him who can again renew thee! I initiate thyself
into virtuous freedom. Truth needs not catered
announcements to *advers*; but, simply arrayed, it sweeps
personages. The God of truth even Christ, who is
the willing redeemer, hath commanded his follow-
ers, "Swear not at all." Forsake the finikin; and
live a new life, even to his glory; for time is short,
and altogether uncertain."

DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroy
the Linen, for sale at this office.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
at No. 104 Maiden-lane.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FAIRM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,

NO. 115 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ad-
ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies
plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Water, sold for superior to
any other for softening, beautify-
ing and preserving the skin from
chapping, with an agreeable per-
fume 4 and 6s each

Gentlemen's Morocco. Pouch-
es for travelling, that holds all the
shaving apparatus complete in a
small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling-
bottles

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses is well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburn, and is very fine for gentlemen after
shaving with printed directions 3s. 4s. 6s. and 12s.
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
4s. and 6s. per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s. and 6s. per
pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s. per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes is 6d. Also used
powder for the skin 8s. 1b

Smith's Gynasia or Antique Oil for curling, glaz-
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s. 6d. bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft To-
matum-lava pot or ruel. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the Lips 2s. and 4s. per box
Smith's Lot on for the teeth warranted
His purest Alpine Shaving Cream, made on Chy-
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 4s.
and 1s. 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s. per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters

Set of Lemons for taking out iron mould

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
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Great allowance to those who buy to send agent
January 1, 1808

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their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
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approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashion, the gold earrings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair
suck-necklaces, and gold &c. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, wares and keys &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise-shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention he will sell at the lowest
price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

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